Make choice of whome your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct or by colaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our kindome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in ſatisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we ſhall ioyntly labour with your ſoule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo.
His meanes of death, his obſcure funerall,
No trophæ, ſword, nor hachment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall oſtentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.

Kin. So you ſhall,
And where th'Offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. What are they that would ſpeake with me?

Gen. Sea-faring men ſir, they ſay they haue Letters for you.

Hora. Let them come in.
I doe not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted. If not from Lord *Hamlet*. *Enter Saylers*

Say. God bleſſe you ſir.

Hora. Let him bleſſe thee to.

Say. A ſhall ſir and pleaſe him, there's a Letter for you ſir, it came from th'Embaſſador that was bound for England, if your name bee *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. *Horatio*, when thou ſhalt haue ouer-look't this, giue theſe fellowes ſome meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue vs chaſe, finding our ſelues too ſlow of ſaile, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the inſtant they got cleere of our ſhip, ſo I alone became their priſoner, they haue dealt with me like theeues of mercy, but they knew what they did: I am to doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue ſent, and repayre thou to mee with as much ſpeed as thou would'ſt fly death. I haue words to ſpeake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are they

they much too light for the bord of the matter, theſe good fellowes will bring thee where I am, *Roſencraus* and *Guilderſterne* hold their courſe for England, of them I haue much to tell thee, farwell.

So that thou knoweſt thine Hamlet.

Hora. Come I will make you way for theſe your letters,
And doo't the ſpeedier that you may direct me
To him from whome you brought them. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now muſt y our conſcience my acquittance ſeale,
And you muſt put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father ſlaine
Purſued my life.

Lar. It well appeares: but tell me
Why you proceede not againſt theſe feates
So criminall and ſo capitall in nature,
As by your ſafety, greatnes, wiſdome, all things els,
You mainly were ſtirr'd vp.

King. O for two ſpeciall reaſons
Which may to you perhaps ſeeme much vnſinnow'd,
But yet to me tha'r ſtrong, the Queene his mother
Liues almoſt by his lookes, and for my ſelfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She is ſo concliue to my life and ſoule,
That as the ſtarre mooues not but in his ſphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Worke like the ſpring that turneth wood to ſtone,
Conuert his Giues to graces, ſo that my arrowes,
Too ſlightly tymbered for ſo loued armes,
Would haue reuerted to my bow againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.

Laer. And ſo haue I a noble father loſt,
A ſiſter driuen into deſperat termes,
Whoſe worth, if prayſes may goe backe againe